

# THE CHRONICLE.

VOL. I. NO. 21.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

## Stop

Using That Old Washboard

### "THE BACKBREAKER"

And buy one of Sutherland's New "One Minute" Washers, with a high speed fly-wheel under the tub.

Call in and the Postmistress will show you how it goes.

Also a complete line of new boilers. Finest out.

Come and See Us.

**J. A. SUTHERLAND.**

## Advertise in the Chronicle

## Crossfield Lumber Yard

When you are in need of

### LUMBER

Windows, Doors, Etc., it will pay you to see my stock before purchasing.

My stock is all well seasoned and the very best quality that can be purchased. Ask your neighbor who has bought from the

## CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

As to Quality, Price and Treatment

Yards Crossfield and Rosebud Track

Chas. McKay, Manager Crossfield Yard

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Agents for Studebaker Wagons and Vehicles

## Ontkes & Armstrong.

We are now showing

### New Lines.

## GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Of Tooke Bros., the leading Gent's Furnishers of Canada, also the old reliable Stetson & Pitt Hat. The Newest and Latest Styles.

### HARDWARE

We wish to announce that we will at once commence building on our lot on north side of our present store. The new building will be used as a hardware store and in it we will carry a complete line of hardware.

### GROCERY

The Grocery Department cannot be surpassed. Our quick turnover gives you a chance to get Freshest and Best goods on the market at all times.

We Guarantee Our Prices against All Comers

## Farmers' Demands

Parliamentarians Should Give Up Manoeuvring for Position and Get to Business.

The press reports of proceedings at Ottawa may be described briefly as consisting on the part of the Conservatives of "You're a thief" and on the part of the Liberals of "There are others."

If every Conservative member were given to understand that when he appears before his constituents and undertakes to talk about Liberal rascality, he will be asked to explain how it occurred that all this rascality could exist and no one be brought to account for it; and every Liberal, when he undertakes to prove the innocence of his party associates, will be asked, "If those associates were innocent why was not some one held accountable for the charge of dishonesty?" and if both were given to understand that the kind of political ammunition they have been loading themselves up with, will be worthless in the face of the farmers' demand for an explanation of the failure to take some kind of action on the recommendations of the Grain Commission, all this manoeuvring for position would cease, or an entirely different kind of manoeuvring would very soon take place. If things are permitted to go on as at present, the coming campaign will consist of the story of Foster and the widows and orphans on the one hand, and Sifton, Turfitt and Timber Berths on the other. If the farmers assert themselves and demand that a portion of the time be devoted to a discussion of their interests, they will promote their own welfare and to a certain extent prevent the idea going abroad that the Canadian parliament is as corrupt as some other legislative bodies we have been accustomed to think lightly of.—Alberta Homestead.

### FOOTBALL MEETING

A meeting of the Football Club was held on Monday night at which it was decided to invite Olds team here for a match on the evening of Saturday 23rd May.

The necessity for a more regular attendance at practice was impressed upon the members more especially in view of the defeat of the team at Carstairs on Saturday.

Mr. Harvie was elected to the position of secretary in room of Mr. Tucker who has resigned.

The meeting decided to accept the invitation they have received to join the Alberta Football Association which includes all teams on the line from here to Red Deer.

### POLICE COURT

Things were rendered lively in town on Saturday afternoon for some time by the rowdy actions of a man named Douglas who had had too much to drink. The trouble commenced outside Mr. Sutherland's store when Douglas clinched with another man who was pushed through the hardware store window. The language used also was of such a nature that Douglas was locked up as speedily as possible. Magistrates Davis and Boyle afterwards had the prisoner brought before them to answer to a charge of using indecent language. After evidence was read Douglas was sentenced to thirty days hard labor in the barracks in Calgary. Constable Brown removed the prisoner to Calgary on Saturday night's train.

General satisfaction is felt that an example was made of this man and it is hoped that this will prove a warning to several others who are apt to be careless in the choice of the language they use on the public streets.

Ice Cream at the Restaurant.

Have you subscribed to The Chronicle yet?

If you think of coming west read our Real Estate advts.

The Albertan can be obtained daily at the Chronicle office.

## Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Crossfield in the Land of Sunshine.

Remember C. O. F. Sports May 25th.

The Morning Albertan on sale at this office.

Mr. Tucker took a trip to Calgary this week.

Wm. Brandon spent Tuesday in Calgary.

J. Cuthill, of Calgary, spent Tuesday in town.

D. J. McKay was a visitor in Calgary this week.

If you want a wagon that will last get a Studebaker.

Rev. and Mrs. Johnston are on a visit north this week.

E. J. Gregory paid a business visit to Calgary on Monday.

H. O. Sinclair, of Didsbury, spent Saturday in Crossfield.

Mrs. Morrow and Miss Nina Wilson spent Tuesday in Carstairs.

H. L. Wallis, of Calgary, was a guest at the hotel here on Monday.

W. E. Hobbs, of Winnipeg has been a guest at the hotel this week.

E. L. Van Styeck, of Winnipeg, registered at the Alberta Hotel on Tuesday.

Mr. Fitzgerald, who has been on the sick list, left this week for Banff.

The rainy season has commenced and things look promising for the farmers.

Birthday Congratulations—Oakes & Armstrong's Store is three years old to day. (Wednesday).

Rev. Mr. Whidden, of Carstairs, exchanged pulpits with Mr. Coffin last Sunday.

Mr. Sutherland has this week purchased two lots next to his lumber yard from Messrs Hultgren & Davie.

Mr. Granger of Calgary, conducted services in the Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon. The address was much enjoyed.

Presbyterian Church notices. On Sunday next services will be held as follows:—Rosebud 11 a. m., Floral Grove 2.30 p. m., Crossfield 7.30.

T. J. McKee, late of Okotoks, arrived here on Friday night and has, now got down to business in his new jewelry store next door to Weber's Toggery. He has a good stock of jewelry of various kinds and he is ready to do all kinds of repair work. Mrs. McKee has arrived since and we join with the citizens generally in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. McKee to the town.

Messrs. Miner and Thompson who recently imported a herd of fine Poland China registered hogs have named them the Alberta herd as they are the only ones of the kind in the province. They are undoubtedly fine animals being from such stock as Pirate and Indiana, \$10,000 stock. We congratulate Messrs. Miner and Thompson on bringing such good stock into the district.

We have received the Prize list of the fourth Annual Provincial Fat Stock Show which is to be held in Calgary from May 19th to 22nd, under the auspices of the Alberta Live Stock Association and the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture. This promises to be one of the largest exhibitions of the kind ever in the West. The manager E. L. Richardson has received a large number of entries in all classes.

The council has made arrangements for a large and well laid out cemetery near town. The land which was purchased from the C. P. R., was taken in the north-west quarter of the section just east of the track. The cemetery will thus be about a mile from town. Although the council wished to get a small area of land, nothing less than four acres would be sold by the company. Part of the site has been surveyed into lots and suitable lanes, the work having been done by A. C. Talbot, of Calgary. If the plans of the council fully develop, the site will be fenced and planted in the near future with a sufficient number of cottonwood and spruce trees.

## Some New Buildings

New Hardware Store to be Erected—New Offices for Hultgren & Davie.

Building operations in town are apparently going to be brisk this season. Already operations have commenced on a number of new buildings and others are in contemplation.

Messrs Hultgren & Davie are having new real estate offices erected on the lot south of Mr. Maylin's building on Railway St. and as soon as possible they will move into their new premises. Mr. Sutherland has the contract for the erection of the new offices.

Messrs Ontkes & Armstrong have decided to erect a new building on their lot just north of the present store. In the new building they intend carrying a full line of hardware. We understand that building operations will commence immediately as the first car load of their new stock is already on the way.

Mr. Harvie, of Weber's Toggery, contemplates the erection of a residence for himself on the lot which he recently purchased.

### EAST BEAVERDAM.

We had a fine rain on Tuesday night which was a fine thing for the growing crops.

Mr. Marler was blacksmithing at D. K. Fike's for a few days this week.

Mr. Davis, of the Dog Pond, stopped on Tuesday night at Mr. Fike's on his way to Crossfield.

Mr. Havens is breaking full blast with two four horse teams.

Jim Hays, of Dog Pond, is holding a series of meetings at Banner school-house now; which began on Sunday night, and will continue for at least ten nights.

Mr. Todd and Mrs. Gooch were baptised by Mr. Hays on Tuesday at the Beaverdam.

Joe Fike came from the bush on Tuesday.

Dan Fike moved a house for Mrs. Day last week with his engine.

The steers are getting wild now along the town line. Be careful Oille!

Leave your orders with Miss Scott for "Easter Lily Bouquets."

Most every body is through seedling by this time.

Several people have begun breaking prairie land.

Willard Graham is carpentering for Mrs. Day.

### LICENSES GRANTED

The License commissioners for district No. 4 consisting of J. J. Hallman, Aldrie, J. Moorhouse, Calgary, and D. Bayne of Banff, met on Saturday afternoon at Calgary and recommended the applications for licenses for the following hotels:—

Alberta hotel, Crossfield; Dominion hotel, Midnapore; Langdon hotel, Langdon; Palace hotel, Gleichen; Oxford hotel, High River; Alberta hotel, High River; Strathmore hotel, Strathmore; High River Trading Co. Wholesale; Alberta hotel, Okotoks; Grand Central, Okotoks.

The following applications were laid over for reconsideration at a later date.

Aldrie hotel, Aldrie; Gleichen hotel, Gleichen; Axtoria hotel, High River; Shepard hotel, Shepard.

### LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel	40 c.
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.	75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per	70 c.
Wheat, No. 3, "	64 c.
Wheat, No. 4, "	55 c.
Feed wheat, "	30 c.
Flax	75 c.
Oats	28 c.
Barley	35 c.
Eggs	15 c.
Butter	16 c.





## Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm  
Lands at a Low Rate of  
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest  
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

### INSURANCE A SPECIALTY.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR  
SALE.

— SEE —

**D. A. MacCrimmon**

The Hay and Grain Man.  
**Crossfield.**

## ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good  
Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

## Crossfield Livery Delivers Finest LETHBRIDGE COAL—\$7 ton.

Good horses and rigs for hire

### Draying.

F. R. Parker, Prop.

## Crossfield Restaurant.

Rooms for Transients.  
First Class Meals Served from  
6 a. m. till 11 p. m.  
Traveller's Lunches a Specialty.  
Excellent Cigars  
ICE CREAM.  
Fruit and Confectionery.  
C. CALHOUN.

## Palace Meat Market

Dealers in  
All Kinds of Fresh and Salt  
Meats.

Highest Cash Price Paid  
For Dressed Pork, Poultry  
and Hides.

**W. M. Brandon.**

## The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta.

Editor—J. Mewhort.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1908

### TALKS ANNEXATION.

The newspapers of standing and authority in the United States which have commented on the recent spread-eagle utterance by Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, that "the flag bearing, the stars and stripes must finally float from Bering Sea to the Gulf of Mexico," concur in saying that it shows that Governor Johnson has not studied the conditions and tendencies in connection with the matters he was discussing when he made that declaration. He was discussing the idea of freedom of trade between this country and the United States, in an address to the Wholesalers' Association, of Detroit, when he launched forth into prophecy, basing the above-quoted prediction upon the assumption that if there was freedom of trade between the two countries, the Stars and Stripes would follow United States goods in Canada. A prediction that the flag of this country would follow Canadian goods into the United States would have been entirely as warranted.

If Governor Johnson knew anything about the currents of public opinion in Canada and the history of this country he would realize that there is no agency within human knowledge capable of converting the Canadian people to the idea of annexation. Though settlers from across the border are coming into Western Canada in thousands, the annexation of Canada to the United States is, as Lord Grey told a distinguished American audience at the Pilgrims' dinner in New York not many months ago, as unthinkable as the annexation of the United States to Canada. The people of Canada have in the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "the full consciousness of a true national life." The Springfield Republican says truly, in commenting upon Governor Johnson's utterance: "Those who understand Canada best accept as a fixed principle of the relations of the respective people the fact that the Canadians are developing a national spirit of their own and are more and more intent upon developing their country both economically and politically, on lines independent of the United States."—Winnipeg Free Press.

### INVESTMENTS.

All men want good investments when they put up their money. All men want big returns. That is what they mean by good investment.

If you are sure of the company you are going to invest in, and if you know all about its past, present and future—you need no advice. If you are not quite sure, you do need advice.

If you save money and accumulate a fund, you are sensible. If you invest money so that it will make provision for you in the day of your weakened energy, you are a capable person.

You must earn enough for your support, no matter whether you are rich or poor, unless you want to appear as a drone—as one who gets a living without paying for it. That is the basis of individuality.

There are good investments, are there not? Some men find them habitually. It is not accident. It is not luck. They hit it so habitually, you may be sure they have some system. This is the way they do it—by rejecting the bad ones.

Maybe, you are a man of means. You have not more than you want, have you? Have you as much as you did have? In any event, make an investment that will repair your fortunes. Don't permit yourself to show less than you had at the beginning.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will purchase in the neighborhood of 600,000 tons from settlers west of Edmonton, to be used in the construction of the line to the Yellowhead Pass. This involves an outlay of \$240,000.

When General Sept. Price of the C. P. R. was in Edmonton, recently he announced that his company would spend \$50,000 during the present year in improving the roadbed on the Calgary and Edmonton line. Red Deer has been made a divisional point and all freight crews will change there. A round house will shortly be erected.

## A CELEBRATED HOAX.

Story of the Fortsas Catalogue and its Author.

### CLEVER AND BRAZEN FRAUD.

This Ingenious Publication Completely Fooled the Savants and Bibliophiles of Europe and Was the Literary Sensation of Its Day.

When P. T. Barnum cynically remarked that the American people loved to be fooled he might just as well have left out the adjective, for that Americans are much more gullible than natives of other lands can very readily be called into question by anybody at all familiar with the history of hoaxdom. I suppose that for pure effrontery and ingenious brazenness the Fortsas Catalogue stands in the front rank of deception. Yet this pamphlet was foisted upon the American public, but upon the savants and bibliophiles of Europe—men skilled in the art of books and in the detection of forgery. So cleverly was this fraud conceived and executed that it deserved to stand in the front rank of any consideration, however brief, of clever deceptions.

The Fortsas Catalogue was published in 1840—small local notice upon the part of the catalogue of the private library of a certain Count J. N. A. de Fortsas of Blinche, in Belgium. Although the book consisted of but fourteen pages and listed only fifty-two titles, it stirred up a veritable tempest among the wise heads. The reason was not far to seek—not one of the books mentioned in the catalogue was to be found in any other library or publisher's list. They were all absolutely "made up" copies of intensely interesting works. In the words of the catalogue itself, "the count pitilessly expelled from his shelves books for which he had paid their weight in gold—as soon as he learned that a work up to that time unknown had been mentioned in any catalogue." Each new research of learned investigators into the book led to a further discovery of the fraud. It was claimed, "had I not still further the already devastated ranks of the count's sacred battalion." Weary of his tremendous and self imposed task of collecting only unique specimens, the count was stated to have died on Sept. 1, 1839, and his library was now offered for sale. Apparently the fraudulent character of such master forgery was quite patent. Yet the high brows "bit" enthusiastically, and there resulted one of the most amusing incidents of the decade.

For instantly the learned book lovers were up in arms, each trying to outdo his rival and secure for himself the most precious of the treasures at the sale which was advertised. Orders poured in from all over Europe on the behalf of scholarly societies, libraries, royal families and literary epicures. One bookseller came all the way from Amsterdam just to see No. 75, the "Corpus Juris Civilis." The "Princess de Ligne" for the honor of her family ordered No. 48 at any price to suppress it on account of certain indiscreet family episodes it was supposed to contain. Many other prominent persons and institutions clamored for a share of the collection. "Men remembered having seen books that never existed," says William Sheppard. "The foremost in Coteau's printing office at Tournay had distinct recollections of a bogus volume credited to his press."

Unfortunately the advertised sale never came off. On the 10th of August, the day before it was to have begun, the Brussels papers announced that the town of Blinche had determined to keep the collection intact by purchasing it with public funds. The smugging part of this statement was that Blinche was a most insignificant village, quite unable to purchase much of anything, let alone a universally desired library. Still, even that statement was believed.

The truth eventually transpired that the Count de Fortsas, his miraculous library and the catalogue were all the creations of an ingenious fellow named Rene Chateaux, living in Belgium. His catalogue begot a rather extensive literature of its own, which has since been collected and published under the title "Documents et Particularites Historiques sur le Comte de Fortsas." A copy of the original catalogue now rests in the Congressional library at Washington.

### A Financier.

"Father," asked Rollo, "What is a financier?"  
"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Bridges.

CHAS. HULTGREN,  
Notary Public.

JNO. S. DAVIE,  
Justice of Peace.

## Real Estate Experts

### Licensed Auctioneers

Real Estate Loans at Lowest Rates. Insurance Placed.

A Few Bargains in Land for a Short Time Only.  
160 acres 2 1/4 miles from Crossfield, 50 acres broke; all fenced, buildings worth \$500; good well, \$17 per acre, 1000 cash, balance terms.

320 acres 3 1/4 miles from Crossfield; unimproved; \$13.50 per acre, no stones or bush; 300 acres can be plowed at a mile stretch, \$2000 cash, bal. six years at 6 p. c.

Going! Going! Lots on the new C. P. R. addition. A few left at \$50, \$75 and \$100; easy terms. Come early and get a good residence lot at above price.

Exclusive Agents for C. P. R. Townsite.

## HULTGREN & DAVIE.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

Having disposed of Crossfield Livery and Feed business I desire to return thanks to those who have so liberally patronized the livery which I have been running the same.

I would also like to solicit a continuance of your patronage on behalf of Mr. F. H. Parker, my successor.  
Thanking you again I remain  
Yours truly,  
J. C. Quinn.

### FOR SALE.

By private bargain.

Massey-Harris Mower.

Wagon Rack.

Cook Stove and some dishes.

Set National safe for 1000 lbs.

Three framed pictures.

For particulars apply to Chronicle Office.

### FOR SALE.

"Royal Briton," a Registered Stallion, For Sale; between 1600 and 1700 lbs.; bay; 8 years old. Price \$800. Terms to suit. Seen 5 miles N. W. of Crossfield, 5 miles south of C. W. S.

Mark Amussen.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded 51 on left ribs. Split in both ears.

Cutter and Re-mouser.

In General Morris Schaff's reminiscences, "The Spirit of Old West Point," there is an incident that goes to show that not even the first bitterness of the struggle between the north and the south could put out altogether the fires of friendship. It was the fate of Stephen D. Ramsour of North Carolina to fall in the Confederate service. His last hours had a close connection with West Point, where he had been enrolled as a cadet. When in the daybreak after the battle of Cedar Creek the Union cavalry charged the broken and fleeing remnants of a division of Confederate troops. Ramsour was in the midst, heard one of his troopers who had seized the horses ask the driver whom he held in his ambulance.

"Do not tell him," commanded a weak, husky voice.

Whereupon Custer, who recognized the voice as one he had so often heard at West Point, exclaimed:

"Is that you, Ramsour?"

Custer had him taken to Sheridan's headquarters, where his old friends, Merritt, Custer and the gallant Pennington, gathered around him and showed him every tenderness to the last. He died about 10 o'clock the next day.

### Bunsen's Pocketful of Orders.

Professor Bunsen thought more highly of his scientific discoveries than he did of the many orders and other tokens of honor that were showered on him during his long life. He was apt to forget to put on his crosses and ribbons when invited to official ceremonies, and his housekeeper tried to remind him of his duty by putting his various orders in the pocket of his dress suit trousers. On one occasion he was invited with the other Heidelberg professors to dine with a Baden prince. He entered the room late, after the guests had assembled, and one of his colleagues turned to him and said:

"Excuse me, Herr Geheimrath, but what have you done with your orders?"

Bunsen was taken aback. He thought for a moment, and then plunging his hand into his pocket, he drew out a fat roll of stars and crosses. As soon as they were recovered from their astonishment every one began to laugh, but Bunsen said good naturedly, "Oh, I have a lot more," and pulled another handful out of the right hand pocket of his trousers.

### CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

#### Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday of every month in the O & A hall. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.  
Geo. W. Boyce, Johnston McCool, C. R. Rec. Sec.

### C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Will attend Crossfield Court on May 22nd

### Carstairs, Alberta.

**Dr. LARGE,**  
Dentist, Carstairs.  
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield, Every Thursday.  
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE  
Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

### NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership for some time existing between the undersigned as taxidermists, in Crossfield, is dissolved.

All persons having accounts outstanding with said firm are requested to settle same and all accounts owing by said firm are to be sent to J. Brand, Crossfield, within 30 days.

Dated this 22nd day of April, 1908.

J. S. Martin,

J. Brand.

### Disc Sharpening.

### JOHN FREW

Begs to announce to the public that he has received a Disc Sharpener and will be able to sharpen all sizes of discs.

Ploughshares and all kinds of country work promptly attended to.

### Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF  
MARRIAGE LICENSES  
and  
AUCTIONEER.

Any orders left at the Chronicle office will be promptly attended to.

### P. C. COWLING & CO.

Real Estate  
Improved and Unimproved Farm Lands.  
Stock Ranches and Town Lots.  
Insurance and Loans.  
Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.

### Public Notice.

No refuse or rubbish of any kind shall be allowed to be dumped in the street immediately west of town on Oler Street but it shall be hauled further on and dumped into the large slough until further notice.

By order of the Council,  
C. HULTGREN,  
Secy-Treas.

# ANDREY'S KNIGHT.

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyrighted, 1908, by Homer Sprague.

Across the snow clad fields the enchanted castle was actually hidden, and Audrey Sheldon, leaning with long eyes the wintry wastes, sighed as she tried to picture the comfort hidden by the gray walls.

It was not really a castle nor yet enchanted, but it was indeed Major Kirkwood to have his home a copy of a castle on the Rhine which he had seen on one of his summer trips, and Audrey's imagination supplied the rest.

The major was a bachelor and seldom entertained of a large scale, but every night the lights flashed across the glittering snow, and Audrey loved to stand by the window and imagine that there lived the knight who some day would come to rescue her from the cage as represented by Mrs. Thompson-Terhune, the major's niece and neighbor.

It was only two years since Audrey herself had been a social queen of a small domain, but something had gone wrong in her father's bank. She never understood what it was, but his poor fortune had gone to sustain the wrecked credit of the institution, and the treachery of some of the directors combined with the wreck of his fortune had sent Henry Sheldon to his grave.

Audrey and faced the situation bravely, and for the two years since her father's death she had been governess to the two Thompson-Terhune girls at a salary of \$1000 a year. The happy light came from her father's dream that some one might discover how small was the sum paid and coax the girl away.

Audrey turned away from the window and wearily sat down at the desk to correct the girls' exercises. It was a severely plain apartment, for Mrs. Thompson-Terhune was an ambitious climber whose aims were far in excess of the income she enjoyed, and her money was spent only where it would show.

A few railroad maps were the only wall decorations of the schoolroom. Three hard wooden chairs, a study desk too old for office use, a folding bed and a wardrobe completed the furnishing. It was as plain as the schoolroom and Audrey's apartment.

Patently the girl worked at her task while she thought briefly of the gayety downstairs, when preparations were being made for a dinner party in honor of Major Kirkwood's birthday.

Long after the usual hour the housekeeper would send up a tray of half broken meats, the leavings of the feast, and she would eat it on the top of the desk that also served as a bureau and dressing table. She thought of the time when she would have been one of the guests, and her dainty head fell forward on the arms that were stung upon the desk.

The nervous closing of a door roused her, and she sprang to her feet to face Mrs. Thompson-Terhune.

"You must help me out, Miss Sheldon," she said abruptly. "I am in a most terrible plight. That horrid Mrs. Homer and her friends are coming over. That leaves just thirteen at table, and Major Kirkwood is so horribly superstitious. You simply must pretend to be out of the house. No one around here knows you, and it will be all right."

"But I have nothing to wear except the most simple frock," said Audrey. "I sold my evening gown, you know, to get money for the purchase of things I really needed."

"I have some things that may fit. We are almost of a size. Maria shall help you. Come with me." The hostess turned abruptly and led the way to her own apartments. She was accustomed to implicit obedience from her employees, and Audrey knew better than to object.

She smiled to herself as the deft French maid helped her into a quiet gown of gray. Audrey was a favorite with the servants, and with loving care Marie planned and draped until she was satisfied with the result.

Audrey was just about to descend the stairs and receive with Mrs. Thompson-Terhune the first of the guests. With the strings feeling that it was all a part of the excitement she moved through the rooms, chatting with the guests until dinner was announced.

Mrs. Thompson-Terhune counted much upon her prospects from the major. He was still hale and hearty, but she had in pleasant conversation of his unexpected taking off, and she had needed the money that would come to her at his death.

His word was law with her, and when he insisted that Audrey be placed next to him at table the hostess promptly changed the seating arrangements even while the excitement that Audrey should be dismissed the next day with salary in lieu of a notice.

Audrey, all unconscious of the anxieties of her hostess, enjoyed herself to the full, and unconsciously transformed the little face that had become so wan and somber in the last few months.

Knowing how anxious Mrs. Thompson-Terhune was that her guest of honor might enjoy himself, Audrey exerted herself to be entertaining with such sweet success that the much-maligned hostess might be brought over to be so glad for luncheon some day before her return to town.

"Miss Sheldon is unusually in repose tomorrow," said Mrs. Thompson-Terhune as she came to the door to see her to her room in order to relax after the argument.

The men went next in joining the ladies, and the major made straight for Audrey's side, nor would he be dislodged until the party broke up.

As the last carriage rolled away Audrey turned to her employer with eyes that gleamed. "It was a very nice quarrel," she cried, with a little laugh. "I wonder what the major would say could he know that my return to town in the morning was only a change to the nursery governess."

"You will go up to town in the morning," said the quick retort. "I will pay you a month's salary instead of the usual notice. I cannot have my darling children in the charge of a person who so shamelessly pursues a rich man."

The unexpectedness of the dismissal was such a shock that Audrey was too dazed to argue. She knew that she had nowhere to go, and the pitifully small sum she would receive would not last more than two weeks. The happy light came from her father's dream that some one might discover how small was the sum paid and coax the girl away.

There was no retreating the next morning, and with her feet belonging packed in the tiny trunk, she was driven to the station for the early train. To her surprise the major was impatiently pacing the platform in the rear of the diminutive depot. He hurried forward to assist her to alight, but Audrey slipped from his grasp. "I thought you would be going to town on this train," he cried exultantly. "I'm going too," said Isabel coolly to the man who followed.

"It was all a mistake," said Audrey, trying to speak bravely. "It was because of your aversion to thirteen at table that I was laid upon my side. Mrs. Thompson-Terhune's governess."

"Was?" he echoed. "So that's the trouble, is it? I guess I do not need more ample explanation. My dear niece's fears are well founded," he continued bluntly. "I did fall in love once, and I am sure that I shall call upon you in town."

"I don't even know where I am going," demurred Audrey. "I do," said the major, with decision. "You are going to be the guest of my mother's wife until you find a new place. And that, after all, an old man may still be worthy of love. Do you think that will be so hard?"

"Not so very," confessed the girl shyly, and in her heart she knew that already this kindly old man had won her affections. She had not thought of his money, but was inexpressible pleasure in the fact that he had looked at her as a woman, and as the train sped along the side of the river Audrey knew that she would be long before she would come back again to her chateaux of the castle of her valiant knight.

The Queen of the Netherlands is especially fond of chocolate in all its forms, and has a special fondness for the chocolate of the Netherlands. A cook was brought from Germany to prepare her stowed fruit, and to which she attributes her unusually fine complexion. She also loves the chocolate of the Netherlands, and until a short while ago an old Virginia cook was employed to make the chocolate of the Netherlands, and to prepare eggplant with butter and but to sauce.

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## THE IDEA OF A LADY.

Little Britishers Have Queer Notions on the Subject.

The following description of a lady were evolved by English school children, and are gleaned from the Gray-stone Training School.

Ada (aged 7): "A lady marries a man and she goes in a carriage or she goes in a motor. Sometimes she is a rich lady, sometimes she goes to a ball, and she has glasses when she can't see, and when her father dies she is a widow."

Bertie (aged 8): "A lady has got a lovely house and she has got some serves and lovely frames and a ring and a lovely long hair and a pony trap."

Eddie (aged 9): "A lady has a very nice house and she has nice things in it and when she is married she has very nice rings and then she marries a nice husband and sometimes she treats her to nice things and then she treats him to nice things and then they both go to the cinema."

Elsie (aged 10): "A lady is something like a man. But she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes and she's got a lot of work to do."

Ernest (aged 11): "A lady is a mother of a lot of children and she tries to do as a lot of children and she tries to get all the children to do as she does."

Howard (aged 12): "A lady has not got some trousers. But a man has got some trousers. A lady has got some Hair. A lady has got long Hair. A lady has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind."

Net (aged 13): "A lady is like a Mistle and she is a nice thing and she has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind. A lady is different from a man, a lady has different clothes and she has got a different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Charles (aged 14): "A lady is a woman and she has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind. A lady is different from a man, a lady has different clothes and she has got a different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Dolly (aged 15): "A lady is a woman and she has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind. A lady is different from a man, a lady has different clothes and she has got a different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Wanda (aged 16): "A lady is a woman and she has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind. A lady is different from a man, a lady has different clothes and she has got a different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Jack (aged 17): "A lady is a woman and she has got a nice face and she has got a nice body and she has got a nice mind. A lady is different from a man, a lady has different clothes and she has got a different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Living like a king, is a favorite republican expression to designate a ruler, but as a matter of fact, most modern rulers live very simply. Edward, for instance, who is simply Edward, lives on \$10,000 a year, but he is rarely called upon to prepare an elaborate menu for his guests.

The Queen prefers simple dishes. Plain and nourishing food is the rule. The Queen is fond of oysters, and of vegetable soups. Fowl, with toasted bread and butter, is a favorite dish. The Queen is fond of the royal table, and His Majesty generally takes a second helping of everything.

The Queen Alexandra is a favorite of pastries and sweets. I have the good fortune to be a member of the court. A cook was brought from Germany to prepare her stowed fruit, and to which she attributes her unusually fine complexion. She also loves the chocolate of the Netherlands, and until a short while ago an old Virginia cook was employed to make the chocolate of the Netherlands, and to prepare eggplant with butter and but to sauce.

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## BLACK DAYS OF HISTORY.

Dates Which Mark National Calamities As Disasters.

The name of Black Friday was applied in England to December 6, 1745, when the news reached London that the Jacobite army had been routed at Derby and the safety of the crown of King George was regarded as seriously threatened.

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## "FOOL GUNNERY" IN THE NAVY.

Writer Says Methods on British Warships Are Out of Date.

The British fleet is now having its share of disaster, and under the title of "Fool Gunnery" in the Navy," a writer in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine declares that the ship of the line is a relic of the past.

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# General Wise Outwits the Enemy



IN VAIN THE OFFICERS URGED ON THE MEN

**K**ING CARLOS was a good king, but he was careless. Loving peace almost, he very often forgot that many of the rulers of neighboring kingdoms were more warlike. So it was that when another king declared war, Carlos was greatly disturbed. But he was no coward, and promptly sent back acceptance to the challenge. Then he straightway forgot all about the war and settled back to enjoy himself.

He was surprised, indeed, to be in-

formed one morning that an immense army was encamped some distance from the walls of his city. At once he sent for the general-in-chief of the army. Now, this general was really very clever. "Who was his name, and what was his name?" he asked. "Who was his name, and what was his name?" he asked.

"I shall advance with the army, if you wish it, sir," said he to the king, "but I tell you frankly there is

small chance of success. They are ten times as powerful as we."

The king replied emphatically: "No, that is decidedly out of the question. We must think of some other plan. I know, general, that it was I who got you into this fix, but I fear I must impose upon you still further and ask you to get rid of this annoyance."

The general went away greatly perturbed. Without question, he had a most difficult task before him. But, as the king trusted him implicitly, he vowed not to abuse the royal confidence, nor would he fall were there any possible loophole of escape.

That night a vast army of workmen was at work directed by the general himself. The king was comforted when they told him that gigantic mirrors were being hung outside the city walls, but he had faith in General Wise's ability and decided to await developments.

Next day the enemy began to march upon the city. They were met by a powerful army opposing them, they were killed with dismay, for they were ill-equipped for such resistance. In vain the officers urged on the men. They did not know to risk what seemed like certain death, smitten with fright they broke ranks and fled in the wildest confusion.

By merely placing the mirrors General Wise had saved his country. Of course, the enemy had only seen their own reflection in the mirrors—and

## Violets of Love

**W**HEN the good prince fell ill there was grief throughout the country. But, although the sorrow of many was genuine, these were those, of course, who cared nothing for the prince except for the favors and honors she could grant. So it was that many courtesans sent great bouquets of flowers to the prince's room, but always attached their cards, wherein were inscribed their names in big letters.

Yet there was one exception. The prince noticed that every day there lay on the table, amid the other grand bouquets, a modest little bunch of violets. There was never a card, and day after day the prince began to disregard the other fine flowers and to look eagerly for the violets alone. "How," thought she, "is some one who is sending a little gift, not in the hope of obtaining reward, but just for love of me?"

At last the prince regained her health. Perhaps the fresh, dainty violets helped in some measure. In any event, the prince always felt more cheerful whenever he noticed tenderly in her hand and sniffed their fragrance.

And the first day she was free to make inquiry, she commanded that the name of the donor of the little bouquet of violets should be brought before her. Shortly after-



ALWAYS FELT MORE CHEERFUL

ward there was led before her a young girl, who timidly hung her head and was afraid to look at the prince. "You know, you helped me when I was sick a year ago, your majesty so I wanted to send you a little remembrance when you were ill, though I wished I could have done more."

Gently drawing the little girl to her, the prince kissed the untamed hair, and the girl, who had been so timid, cried her little love taken more than by any other gift that came to her. "You came from the heart!"

Not a day later the little girl's good fortune. For the prince had given her a great advantage to become a grand lady.

## Jamie's Surprise

**J**AMIE, when are you going to get me a new choo-choo? Mother dear, can't I have a pony cart soon?"

This was the only bad quality Jamie possessed—always asking father or mother, or hinting to uncle or auntie, that he wanted a train or a bicycle or something else that would "go." Yes, really and truly he did so love to "go." Jamie wasn't at all satisfied unless it was real speed. He had already decided that when he grew to be a big man he would be a railroad president like father.

Jamie was to pay a visit to his grandparents. This he always enjoyed very much indeed, especially since he would have to travel in a great, smoking "choo-choo."

But Jamie was always glad to get home to mother again, too. So that upon his return, no sooner did he take his last, lingering look at the "choo-choo" fast disappearing in the distance, than he was more than willing to reach home just as soon as possible.

That evening, after dinner, mother was just about to say:

"Dear, your father has a splendid surprise for you—the bestest surprise you've ever had."

But Jamie, father never asked Jamie to walk with him out into the garden. You could never guess what Jamie thought, way back in the garden, when he had taken a whole railway coach, and there had fitted it up as a playhouse for Jamie. All of Jamie's playthings were there.

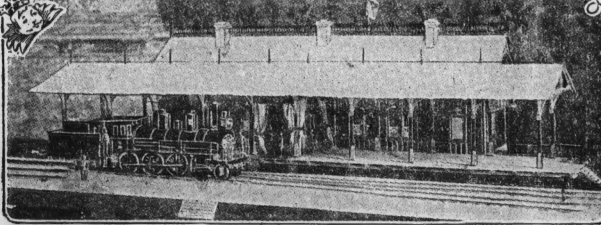
Jamie just couldn't wait.

"Why, father?" he finally whispered, "now I can ride in a choo-choo car all the time, can't I?"

"Over his fire, his arms around father's neck and promised never to ask for anything else. No railroad man would have had the best playhouse in the world."

First Boy—Your father must be so awful mean to him. A shemokier sent him a new choo-choo car, because Second Boy—He's nothing to what your father is. He's nothing to what your father is. He's nothing to what your father is.

## Gift To Make the Baby Tsarevitch Happy



**I**SN'T this a splendid toy? But it really isn't a toy. Though just the right size for the little son of the czar of Russia, the locomotive is as real and complete as the biggest engine ever made. The little station you see is an exact model of the Imperial Railway Station at Tsarskoe Selo, built by the First Railway Battalion. It is completely furnished and fitted, and lighted by electricity. All of six months was required for the construction of the locomotive, the value of which exceeds \$3000. Miniature guards are stationed round about the station, leading to the air of reality.

This present came from the czar several months ago. You wouldn't mind being the tsarevitch for a time, would you, if you would receive such handsome gifts as these? Think of all the fun you could have, running your engine round and round the circle of gleaming track!

## GRANDMA'S GOWN What They Want to Become

**N**ATURALLY, Mildred was greatly disappointed. But she really didn't see how she possibly could have done otherwise. You see, all the girls—Nina, Sarah, Alice and herself—had been invited to the party given by Rose Gordon. And as the Gordons lived five miles away, a rather long drive was necessary. It was indeed a shame that the buggy would hold only three of the girls. However, since one must be left, Mildred at once chose to be that one, for she knew how very badly Nina or Sarah or Alice would react to be denied such a pleasure.

Yes, she did feel lonely when all had departed and she remained alone in the big house, she certainly must do something in order to try to "forget"; so she climbed up the broad stairway, and then up two other flights of steps, until she reached the tiny attic, right under the eaves of the roof. She always went there, you know, when she wished to forget her troubles.

There she was alone with her secret. It was a delightful secret, too. Delving in the great "hair" trunk, she would bring forth the old garments of her grandmother. Then such fun she had donning this treasured finery and bowing to herself in the huge antique mirror whose frame was festooned with cobwebs!

Was that the doorbell ringing? Breathlessly she slipped to the bottom of the attic stairs. Yes, there was the sound again. Forgetting entirely her costume, she ran down to the door and flung it open.

It was a very nice-looking man who stood on the step, but why did he stare at her? Oh, now she remembered! Growing painfully red she half turned, as though to flee in her confusion.

"Won't you PLEASE just as you are?" eagerly begged the man. "I'd be ever so much obliged."

Taking a pad and pencil from his



FLUNG THE DOOR OPEN

pocket he rapidly began to sketch, chatting briskly to her the while. He was an artist, he said, and had come merely to ask permission to sketch within the grounds.

"Charming! charming study!" he remarked when he had finished, and had carefully tucked the completed sketch away in his capacious pockets. Then he talked so nicely to Mildred that before she realized what she was doing he had learned all about her troubles.

And THEN what did the kind Mr. Man do but take her on a good, long automobile ride! You see, he had left the car right outside the gate. Enjoy herself? Why, she had one of the best times of her life. And you may be sure that she didn't regret the least her absence from the party.

## Net Ball

**T**HIS is one of the very newest games. A popularity greater even than that of "diabolo" is predicted for it.

Net ball resembles in some slight degree the popular game of tennis. Each player (there are usually two in a game) is provided with a little net fastened between two sticks. When the sticks are held together the net is extended, and presents a surface similar to that of a tennis racket. When the sticks are held loose it forms a pocket in which the ball may be easily caught.

Two balls (a lawn-tennis ball may well be used) are continually kept in motion, being tossed between the two players. Whenever a player fails to "return" within proper bounds, or misses a ball thrown to him, it counts a point for his adversary.

While it is easy to catch the ball in

the net, it is rather difficult to make the right sort of "return." This latter is done by tossing the net six or eight feet at the same time jerking the sticks as far apart as possible. When you become very skillful you may use your net just as tennis players use their rackets.

Net ball was born in England, and is becoming quite the vogue in France.

TOSSING THE BALL

Couldn't Fool Him.

"William," asked the teacher, "if seven sheep are on one side of the fence, and you jump over it, how many will there be left?"

Reply: "Why not?"

"There wouldn't be none left," confidently repeated William. "Cause if you boiled all the rest would follow."

Later in the lesson William again distinguished himself by defining a "business" as a "made-up good."

Highly Probable.

School Director (reading)—"She threw herself into the river."

Now, can any boy tell me what the uses of a horse are to a man?—To get a bright boy (in rear of room)—To get the insurance money, sir.

## How Cruel Fido Treats His Enemies, the Mice



BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

## Mr. Farmer

Did you ever examine an old disc drill? Well, you will find on an old drill that when the bearings in the disc are worn out the rest of the drill is just about as good as ever. Before you buy that new drill come up to our warehouse and see the new arrangement on the new McCORMICK to take up this wear. The new bearing will last a lifetime. The new box is practically dust proof.

## Edwards & Brown

### Special. Clubbing. Offers.

If you wish to obtain the best and most reliable news, you cannot do better than subscribe for your own local paper,

**THE CHRONICLE**  
Together with The  
**Weekly Free Press**  
Winnipeg,  
Those two papers will be  
mailed to any address in  
Canada for one year for  
only

**\$2.00**

**FREE!** To each subscriber  
for the above two papers  
we will give free a copy of  
**Ropp's New Commercial  
Calculator.**

A Sample Copy of Ropp's Calculator can be seen at this office

We are also in a position to offer the Weekly Free Press, The Chronicle and the Herald and Star, of Montreal, three first-class papers, for only \$2.25.

## Synod and Local Veto

Ready to Unite With Others  
for Abolition of the Bar.

At the Presbyterian Synod, in Edmonton, after a lengthy discussion on temperance, the following resolutions were passed:

"The synod is convinced that nothing short of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes can be satisfactory as the first goal in temperance reform; but recognizes that this can be reached only through the education of public opinion and by stages, and therefore declares its readiness to unite with others in the following lines of effort: as steps towards the goal:

(a) Prohibitory local veto.  
(b) Pressing for the abolition of the bar-room, that is, the sale of liquor for consumption on the premises.

(c) Working for the suppression also of the sale of liquors in sealed packages for consumption on the premises, giving the towns and cities the option to veto the majority of the electors qualified to vote at municipal elections of allowing the said trade under some carefully considered system of disinterested management and stringent regulations as to hours and other considerations, thus eliminating the element of private profit, doing away with the trade as a power in politics and securing the strict observance of the law."

"The synod, while gratified that the legislature has reduced the hours of sale for bar-rooms, protest against the continuance in the liquor law of the clause requiring a deposit of \$100 before a vote on local veto can be taken and of 60 per cent majority in order to carry the veto."

### ESSAY ON EDITORS.

The following composition was prepared by a school boy who had been instructed by his teacher to write an essay on editors:

"I don't know how the newspapers come to be in the world, and I don't think God does, for he's got nothing to say about them in the Bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links we read about and stayed in the bushes until after the flood, and then came back and wrote the thing up, and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever died. I never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting licked. Our paper is a mighty good one; but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear any socks and pants and he's paid his subscription since the paper started. I asked pa if that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in winter and go to bed when he had a short winter in summer. About then pa took me out in the woods and he licked me awful hard. If the editor makes mistakes folks say he ought to be hung; but if a doctor makes any mistake he borries them and people doesn't say nothing because doctors can read or write Latin. When the editor makes mistakes there is law suits, and swearing; and a big fuss; but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes he gets a charge of buckshot. When the doctor gets drunk it's a case of being over come with the heat and if he dies its a case of heart trouble. When an editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies its the jim-jams. Any college can make a doctor, but an editor has to be born."—ex.

### LOCAL.

Ice Cream at the Restaurant.

Remember C. O. F. Sports May 25th. Have you subscribed to The Chronicle yet?

If you think of coming west read our Real Estate advice?

The-Albertan can be obtained daily at the Chronicle office.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30 and a preaching service at 3.30 every Sunday afternoon.

If you want Canada's best papers take The Weekly Free Press, the Montreal Herald and Star and The Crossfield Chronicle. The three together for only \$2.00.

## MYSTIC APPARITIONS.

The Weird and Puzzling Enigma  
of Ghostly Visions.

### MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

The "Ghost" That Appears to Warn a Living Person of Impending Misfortune—The Strange Case of a Boston Man and His Deceased Sister.

In the "Riddle of Personality" the author, H. Addington Bruce, discussing the proposition that human personality persists beyond the grave, cites a number of instances of apparitions that were closely investigated by the Society For Psychical Research and said:

In order to appreciate the nature of the evidence accumulated, let us glance at a few typical instances, each drawn from the society's records and thus sufficiently authenticated to merit serious consideration. We may begin with an old fashioned "ghost" story of the simpler sort. In this instance the percipient, a Mr. J., was a personal acquaintance of H. M. Myers. He obtained a first hand account of the experience. In 1880 it appears Mr. J., the librarian of S. Library, died, and Mr. J. was succeeded by his successor. Mr. J. had not known Mr. Q. nor had he to his knowledge seen any portrait of him. In 1884, or four years after his death, he made the old librarian's acquaintance under these circumstances:

"I was sitting alone in the library one evening late in March, 1884, finishing some work after hours, when I suddenly perceived to me that I should see the lost train to H. where I was then living. I did not make haste. I gathered up some books in one hand, took the lamp in the other and prepared to leave the librarian's room which communicated by a passage with the main room of the library. As my lamp illumined the passage I saw apparently at the end of it a man's face. I instantly thought a thief had got into the library. I turned back into my room, just down the bookcase and took a revolver from the safe, and, holding the lamp cautiously behind me, I made my way along the passage into the main room. Here I saw no one, but the room was large and unlit by any light."

"I called out loudly to the intruder to show himself several times more with the hope of attracting a passing policeman than of drawing the intruder. Then I saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I say round, but it had an odd appearance, as if the body were very deep. The face came close to the edge and I could see no body. The face was pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were very deep. I advanced toward it, and as I did so I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to rotate out of the end of the bookcase and with his face toward me and with a smiling gait walk rather quickly from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory which communicated from the library and had no other access. I heard no noise. I followed the man at ease into the lavatory and to my extreme surprise found him to be the completely mystified. I even looked into the little cupboard under the sink and there was nowhere hiding for a child, and I confess I began to experience for the first time what novelists describe as a 'verve' feeling. I left the library and found I had missed my train."

"Next morning I mentioned what I had seen to a local clergyman, who on hearing my description said, 'Why, that's old Q.' Soon after I saw a photograph from a drawing of Q., and the resemblance was certainly striking. Q. had lost all his hair, eyebrows and all from, I believe, a gunpowder accident. His walk was a peculiar rapid, high shouldered shuffle. Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure."

There is a capital illustration of the recurrent type of apparition, the "ghost" that visits a locality with which it was familiar in life.

Then there is the "ghost" that appears to warn a living person of impending misfortune. Take the strange case of Mr. P. G. of Boston, who writes:

"In 1867 my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera in St. Louis. My attachment for her was very strong and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death the writer became a commercial traveler, and it was in 1870, while on one of my western trips, that the event occurred."

"I had 'drummed' the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to read in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar and writing out my orders suddenly became conscious that some one was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a

flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face, and so sure was I that it was she that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and as I did so the apparition instantly faded. Naturally I was startled and dumfounded, almost doubting my senses; but, the cigar in my mouth and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake."

The most remarkable confirmation of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually occurred. This visitation on whatever you may call it so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated. But he, too, was smugged when later on I told them of a bright red line or scratch on the right hand side of my sister's face which she distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this, my mother rose, trembling, to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after the death of my sister. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have unfavourably marred the features of her dead daughter. She said she had seen to all how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof neither my father nor any of our family had detected it and positively were unaware of the incident, yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made."

Whatever the explanation of the apparition, it was a most extraordinary case. The son home to take a long, last farewell of his mother, for she died within a fortnight of his return, "happy in her belief she would rejoin her favorite daughter in another world."

And now to turn to psychical phenomena of another type, the auditory hallucinations by which knowledge seems to be conveyed of deaths occurring far outside the normal line of the percipient. The experience of a Mr. Wamley is typical. Once when planning a congratulatory letter to a friend the words: "Write to a dead man?" rang in his ears, and he was found that his friend had been dead for some days. Far more bizarre was an incident related to Mr. Myers by Mrs. Davies. An acquaintance of hers had changed her address unexpectedly, and it was arranged that Mrs. Davies should relieve her mail until she could communicate her new address to her friends and particularly to her husband, who was in India. One evening a letter arrived bearing the India postmark, and Mrs. Davies placed it on the chimney piece, intending to ask her brother to hand it next day to the addressee. Suddenly she became aware of a strange clicking sound that seemed to come from the letter itself. Her brother, too, heard it, and, yielding to superstition, they imagined that the letter was "important." To be delivered at once! The brother thereupon put on his hat and carried the letter to their friend, who found it to be a communication from an unknown correspondent, some servant or companion, notifying her of her husband's death.

Taken singly, such incidents as the above are not without impressiveness. Considered in the aggregate and as caused by the thousand with corroborative data carefully preserved in the society's archives, they may well give one pause.

## Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all  
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

Now is the Time  
to bring your  
**PLOWSHARES**  
To  
**Walter Bradley**  
to be fitted up.



## A MEDICINE FOR SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives—  
A Tonic is All People Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the Spring. Easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes headache and a feeling of depression. Perhaps pimples or eruptions appear, or there may be a feeling of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the in-door life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself as many people foolishly do with purgatives in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich blood, build up the weakened nerves, and thus give you new health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich, red blood, strengthens the appetite, clears the skin, and makes tired, depressed men and women, bright, active and strong. Mr. Harry Huggins, Oshawa, Ont., says—"I can't think of any medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for nervousness, indigestion and a run down condition of the blood. For some time I was a great sufferer from these troubles. I tried several remedies but none helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking them I felt like an old man, but by the time I had taken four boxes my strength had returned, my appetite improved, my nerves were steady and I was feeling a renewed man."

If you need this medicine this spring—and most people do—try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily they will restore you to a new person. Sold by all the medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dorothy's father was sitting before a window in his country house with Dorothy on his knee. He was looking across the fields with unerring eyes, when the lassie broke in on his reverie with, "What are you looking at, papa?"

"I was looking into the future, my dear."

"The future, papa? I thought it was the pasture."—Harper's Weekly.

**CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED**  
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, cleanses the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine, but it is a regular prescription. It is the best physician in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is the best physician in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is the best physician in this country for years and is a regular prescription.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,  
Pharmacists, 100 N. O.  
Sold by druggists, price 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Have they a skeleton in their house?"  
"Several; they keep boards."—Houston Post.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.**

"Old Jorkine left his son nothing but a pittance out of his big fortune. 'What else did you expect?' Didn't Jorkine start life as a barber?"

"But what had that to do with his disinheriting his son?"  
"Force of habit, you see, made him cut his hair."—Baltimore American.

## Without Alcohol

- A Strong Tonic Without Alcohol
- A Body Builder Without Alcohol
- A Blood Purifier Without Alcohol
- A Great Alterative Without Alcohol
- A Doctor's Medicine Without Alcohol

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Without Alcohol

We publish our formulae for the preparation of our medicines from pure vegetable and mineral ingredients, and we guarantee the purity of our preparations.

**Ayer's Pills** are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

W. N. U. No. 684.

## Nothing to Talk About.

"Even a painful disease may afford its possessor some crumbs of comfort," a well known physician once remarked.

"An old chap in Virginia, after having been afflicted for ten years or more with chronic rheumatism, was persuaded to try the medicinal bath at a resort in that State. As the result of two months' treatment he returned home cured."

"Your husband looks like a new man," said a neighbor. "He must be one of the happiest men alive, after all those years of suffering."

"Well, I don't know," was the doubtful response of the wife. "He seems rather gloom and the unhappy. He hasn't anything to talk about now, you know."

## Fox Farming

It is credibly stated that a very flourishing fox farm is being carried on in Prince county, Prince Edward Island. The parties conducting the same have had with great success and each year put on the market large numbers of skins of various kinds. Their success, it is said, is largely due to the fact that they have their farm divided off into sections, each section under the care of one person, no one else being allowed to approach it. In this way the animals become accustomed to the presence of a stranger and grow very tame, but if a change approaches they will hide and be scarce for a day or two.

Many of the hides in their green condition were valued at \$200 to \$250 each, one or two reaching \$400.

## Overheard.

"An amusing story is told at one of the Philadelphia clubs. It seems that an older member thereof, a clever chap, was being indignantly bored by his vis-a-vis at the table in the cafe one night, the latter individual being said to have been brought in by a waiter. The talk was fast becoming unendurable when the first-named member advanced to observe a man at the other end of the dining room yawning in a manner that threatened to dislocate his jaws."

"Look!" exclaimed the first member in desperation. "We are overheard!"—Harper's Weekly.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheeks and moustache and redness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Terminator; it is an effective medicine.

Bill—I see he is trying to have the Judge's sentence reversed.  
Jill—What was the sentence?  
Bill—Ten dollars or ten days.

Jill—Well, I don't see what good it would do him to have it reversed.

Bill—Why not?

Jill—Well, wouldn't ten days or ten dollars be just as bad?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.**

"I understand you have been telling Mrs. Mix a story," said the mother to her eight-year-old daughter.

"Yes, mamma, I did," replied the child.

"But don't you know that is very naughty, my dear?"

"No, mamma, I don't think it was."

"But it is very naughty."

"But mamma, she asked me how old you were, and I know."

"What! you told her the truth?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

An act has been passed by the Oklahoma legislature making it a punishable offence for the proprietor of any hotel in the State to use bath-sheets less than nine feet in length, or to expect his customers to use cracked chinaware.

**ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT** removes all back, sore or calveled limbs and blisters from horses. Cures all sprains, swellings, trappings, swellings, side, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Beware of use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

## Her Exalted Position.

"Ye needn't think because ye see me goin' ain't comin' be 'th' back door iv Mr. Malcolm's woodborough's mansion, that O'm wan iv th' common servants iv th' house," said the haughty customer to the unceiling butler.

"O'm," ejaculated a fat little man, abruptly turning obsequious, "are—are you a family connection of the great Goldborough, me'am?"

"O'm more than a mere connection, me'am."

"Pardon me," added the butler, gazing patronizingly at this personage, "you're one of the family that's been abroad, and whom I haven't had the pleasure of meeting before, perhaps?"

"Ye'll have to go higher than that."

"Not Mr. Malcolm's new wife?" gasped the little man. "I—I didn't have a suspicion that be—"

"Higher, mon. O'm higher," said the butler, uttered the perfectly bewildered butler.

"Yes! O'm the cook."—Bohemian.

"Pardon me," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth."

"Those teeth cost me \$50," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."

—Chicago Tribune.

## CHINESE WRITING.

Every Scrap of Every Kind is Held to Be Sacred.

The Chinese hold every scrap of writing sacred, no matter what the characters express—the most commercial message, advertisement, etc. Since Confucius used these characters to teach his wisdom they are holy.

In the average Chinese community all letters and waste papers are laid away in a clean receptacle to await the collector, who appears at regular intervals to transfer the waste papers to the sacred furnace. If the papers were burned by the Chinese in their own homes, the ashes of the sacred writings would mingle with the ashes of wood and other fuel, and the ashes of Chinese writing are as sacred as the writing itself.

The ashes from the sacred furnace are placed in sacks, the sacks are conveyed by wagons to the sea and there, in a Mon War boat are carried over where the tide runs swift and consigned to the waves.

The Mon War Boat belongs to the Mon War Sher, which is a lodge with branches everywhere, organized and maintained for the purpose of paying reverence to the spirit of Confucius.

The furnace in the Chinatown which burns every scrap of writing in the United States harbors is generally a brick, ovenlike structure about five feet high. Opposite it on the wall there will usually be an inscription of the characters of the following: "The spirits of our ancestors are pleased that we keep sacred the writing of our country."

The society of Mon War Sher (Club of the Beautiful Writing) is made up in each case of the prominent denizens of Chinatown, who support it by voluntary contributions, which pay the salaries of the keeper and his assistant.

## A MERCHANT.

**He Used to Be One Engaged Exclusively in Foreign Commerce.**

Originally the term merchant was applied only to one who traded with foreign countries and who owned or chartered ships for that purpose—Chaucer's "Merchant."

He wold the se were kept for anything.

Between Middleburgh and Orwellle.

The merchant of Venice had "on the ocean" his "argosies with portly sail," and so had all the other merchants about whom poets or historians have written. So also in the Bible there is no confusion about the meaning of the word. One passage alone will serve as an illustration, "She is like the merchant's wife—she bringeth her food from afar" (Proverbs xxxi, 14).

The Quincey, writing in the early part of the nineteenth century ("Autobiographical Sketches," says:

"My father was a merchant, not in the sense of Scotland, where it means a retail dealer—one, for instance, who sells groceries in the cellar—but in the English sense, a sense rigorously exclusive—that is, he was a man engaged in foreign commerce and no more."

But now it is no longer necessary to "plead the Spanish cause" to give one this time honored title, for any one who sells eggs by the dozen or fannell by the piece is at once put down as a merchant—London Notes and Queries.

## Origin of "Robin Adair."

Those who have a leaning to the sentimental side of history will accept the version that the hero of the ballad was a young and handsome Irish surgeon, who, finding his way into London society about the middle of the eighteenth century, was fortunate enough to secure the affections of Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William, second earl of Albemarle, and his wife, Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles, first duke of Richmond. The match was naturally looked on with disfavor by the family of the young lady, and it was during a period of temporary separation that Lady Caroline is said to have written the words of "Robin Adair" and set them to the old Irish tune of "Ellen Arlour," which she had learned from her lover. At length, however, love triumphed, and the pair were united on Feb. 22, 1758. Within a few days Adair was appointed inspector general of the military hospitals and subsequently becoming a favorite of the king, was made surgeon general, king's sergeant surgeon and chief surgeon of Chelsea hospital. He died in 1790, leaving an only son, who entered the diplomatic service and became the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B.—London Notes and Queries.

## Never Caught Alive.

In Lake Derwentwater, in England, there is a species of fish called vandace, which are never caught alive. They are said to frequent the deeper parts of the lake and are never met with in the rivers. One or two dead specimens of the breed which have been found in the lake are treasured as curiosities.

## WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, colds are the most frequent causes of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 50c.

"This is the chicken salad," said the caterer's boy, as he delivered the package. "I guess it was your husband that ordered it sent, me'am."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Bradley, "here's your money. Now, how do you make it?"

"O! I don't know anything about that, me'am."

"You don't? Why, my husband told me if I paid you you'd give me the receipt."—Philadelphia Press.

## There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

E. W. Grove

Best Attainable Image

FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

## THE FINEST LEAVES

From Gaylon Tea Plantations are contained in

TEA

IT IS PACKED IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS TO PRESERVE ITS FINE FLAVOR AND AROMA.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY Blue Label 40c., Red Label 50c., And Gold Label 60c. per lb.

AT ALL GROCERS

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IT IS PACKED IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS TO PRESERVE ITS FINE FLAVOR AND AROMA.

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## Quality Store.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, CLOTHING  
AND SHOES

LADIES' GLOVES for Spring and Summer wear.  
MEN'S SUITS. A few fine suits to be cleared out at reduced prices.  
MEN'S AND BOY'S SUITS. A good assortment in stock.  
MEN'S GLOVES in great variety.  
SHOES. Some odd lots still on hand.

**Wm. STUART,**  
CROSSFIELD.

## D. A. MacCrimmon.

Agent for

Massey-Harris Farm Implements.

Sawyer & Massey—

Threshing Outfits.

Road Graders and Scrapers.

Wm. Gray & Son Co. Ltd.—

High Grade Carriages, Etc.

Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co., Ltd.

Windmills.

The Famous Strickney Gasoline Engines.

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Celebrated Chatham Fanning Mills.

Kitchen Cabinets.

Incubators and Brooders.

Farm Scales.

## JAS. DRYBURGH

### Harnessmaker.

Harness - - Saddles - - Spurs  
Trunks and Suit Cases.

Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

## SNAPS.

We have a few quick bargains in town lots. Jump into the band wagon or you will get left.

160 acres, 8 miles from Crossfield. A bargain. There is a house, barn, granary, well; fenced; 35 acres breaking. Price \$17 per acre; half cash, bal. 12 months.

160 acres unimproved, 5 miles from Crossfield. Price \$12 per acre, \$600 cash, bal. to suit, or will take \$10 cash.

160 acres, unimproved, 8 miles south-west. Price \$14 per acre, \$1500 cash, bal. terms.

160 acre farm, 6 miles west, 32 acres broke, house, stable, all fenced. Price 2000 cash.

**P. C. COWLING & CO.,**  
CROSSFIELD

**Crossfield**  
**Drug Store**

For Your Stationery and all  
Medical Supplies.

**MERRICK THOMAS.**

Now is the Time  
to bring your  
**PLOWSHARES**  
To  
**Walter Bradley**  
to be fitted up.

## Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding  
Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Ice Cream at the Restaurant.

Remember C. O. F. Sports May 29th.

Have you subscribed to The Chronicle yet?  
The Morning Albertan on sale at this office.

Mr. D. A. McCrimmon this week sold two lots to Mr. J. Callum.

A box social will be held at Mr. Wheeler's residence at Tapscot on Friday evening.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2:30 and a preaching service at 3:30 every Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Peacock last week purchased the residence of Mr. L. C. Morrow. The price paid being \$1,100.

A box social was held at Rodney on Thursday night. The proceeds went toward paying for the church organ.

Presbyterian Church notices. On Sunday next services will be held as follows:—Rosebud 11 a. m., Floral Grove 2:30 p. m., Crossfield 7:30.

Warren Meacham, brother of W. R. Meacham, died in the east on May 28th. Much sympathy is felt for W. R. Meacham by his many Crossfield friends.

If you want Canada's best papers take The Weekly Free Press, The Montreal Herald and Star and The Crossfield Chronicle. The three together for only \$2.00.

Mrs. J. Nash and daughter Florence, from Kenora, mother and sister of Mrs. M. L. Boyle arrived on Tuesday on a visit. They will remain during the summer.

A public meeting to discuss political issues will be held at Beaverdam School house on Friday evening, May 22nd at 8 p. m. Addresses will be given by Dr. C. J. Stewart, the Liberal candidate, and others. All are invited to attend.

Mr. Magee has received a promise of a new hat as a result of the splendid effort he put forth to gain the bass championship of Alberta last week. The new hat is to be three sizes larger than that at present worn by Mr. Magee.

Messrs Maylea and Wilson arrived back in town on Sunday night after their prospecting trip to the north. They are pleased with the appearance of the country as far as they went, but say it is impossible to get through the muskeg just now as the frost coming out of the ground makes it impossible. The trail however was cut last year and when a little more work is put in on it, it will help wonderfully to people the north country. Lumber is a little cheaper and on the coast to Athabasca Landing they found stopping houses every three or four hours. White fish are plentiful in Lesser Slave Lake. Mr. Maylea will again make the trip north in the early part of next year, before the frost comes out of the ground.

## FOOTBALL.

The first football match of the season was held in Carstairs when our boys suffered defeat at the hand (or feet) of the northern team. Two of the Crossfield team were unable to be present and substitutes had to be found and changes made in the position of the players at the last moment. The changes do not appear to have been to the advantage of the team. The call had not gone far in the opening half when two of the players collided and Orchard had his arm put out. Shortly afterwards Boyle, the goalkeeper, was knocked out and while he was on the ground in an injured condition the first goal was scored. Under the circumstances this goal should not have been allowed. The first half ended Carstairs 1, Crossfield 0. In the second half there was no outstanding feature except that hard work was put in by both teams. Just before the finish of the match May scored the only goal for Crossfield. The final result being Carstairs 4, Crossfield 1.

The line-up was as follows:

Goal, Boyle.  
Backs, Burkholder and Handcock.  
Half-back, Gilchrist, Morley and McCool.

Forward, May, Richardson, Jewesson and W. MacCrimmon.  
Centre, Oldaker.

Carstairs.

Goal, Hammil.  
Backs, Galvin and Hope.  
Half-back, Essens, Tunsley and Shantz.  
Forward, Hamilton, Snider, Orchard and Terry.  
Centre, E. Foller.

## WEBER

That name stands for quality in Furnishings.

Quality good enough for a Millionaire, not too good for you.

Prices to suit You, not the Millionaire.

BOY'S CLOTHING MEN'S CLOTHING  
SHOES

**AT WEBER'S TOGGERY,**  
CROSSFIELD

That is "The" Place to go. (See foot note).

## Mr. Farmer

Did you ever examine an old disc drill? Well, you will find on an old drill that when the bearings in the disc are worn out the rest of the drill is just about as good as ever. Before you buy that new drill come up to our warehouse and see the new arrangement on the new McCORMICK to take up this wear. The new bearing will Last a Lifetime. The new box is practically dust proof.

## Edwards & Brown

### A CLEVER THIEF.

His Capture and Sale of a Consignment of Diamonds.

An expert criminal named Raymond is described by Sir Robert Anderson as a Napoleon of crime. The plot which he devised for the theft of diamonds worth \$450,000 and which he carried out with a masterly forethought and address is unrivaled.

Diamonds were habitually sent from Kimberley to the coast just in time to catch the mail steamer for Europe. Were the convey delayed the gems were locked up in the postoffice until the next steamer left the harbor.

Raymond, profiting by a knowledge of those simple facts, visited the port of departure. He made friends with the postmaster, learned his habits and took wax impressions of his keys. He then returned to Europe, leaving behind him a memory of pleasant manners and good fellowship.

A few months later he was in Africa again, disguised and unknown. He made his way up country to the point where the diamonds had to be carried across a ferry on their way to the coast. Unshipping the chain of the ferry, he sent the boat downstream, and the next convey of diamonds melted the mail.

All that remained for Raymond to do was to unlock the safe in the post-office and go off with the treasure, which by a fine stroke of ironical humor he presently sold to its rightful owners in this garden. This was Raymond's masterpiece.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### Time Reminders Unpopular.

A west side woman who wished to entertain a great deal one day wondered why her guests always seemed so uncomfortable.

"It is because of your clocks," said a candid friend. "There are three within hearing distance of your drawing room that strike. I don't know of anything that makes company feel quite so uncomfortable as to hear a clock strike. Somehow it is bound to give the impression that we have overstayed our welcome and the hostess is anxious to get rid of us. Of course that is purely a matter of fancy, yet somehow a striking clock always seems to say, 'You'd better be going.' The wise hostess knows that, and it she wants her callers to be thoroughly comfortable she shuns a clock that strikes."

## AIRDRIE.

Sunny Alberta!

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Have you subscribed yet?

Presbyterian services at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m.

and 3:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Dr. Edwards, of Airdrie, spent Monday in Calgary.

W. E. MacKenzie was a visitor in Crossfield on Saturday.



BRING YOUR

WATCH, CLOCK AND

JEWELRY REPAIRS

To

**T. T. McKee & Co.**

**G. W. Boyce**

Practical Painter

And

Paperhanger

Kalsomining, Tinting,  
Graining, Gilding, Glazing,  
And all kinds of Painting.

Agent for

**EMPIRE**  
**WALL-PAPER**

Crossfield Hairdressing and

Shaving Parlor.

Robert Cronkhitte, Proprietor.

Treatment of Pimples and Dandruff, a

Specialty.

CHARGES MODERATE.

**P. C. COWLING & CO.**

Real Estate

Improved and Unimproved Farm Lands.

Stock Ranches and Town Lots.

Insurance and Loans.

Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.

Public Notice.

No refuse or rubbish of any kind shall be allowed to be dumped in the slough immediately west of town on Oiler Street but it shall be hauled further on and dumped into the large slough until further notice.

By order of the Council,

C. HULTGREN,

Secy-Treas.

Note.—Weber's Toggery.